THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 40. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A SONG OF THE CHURN.

BY ROSCH V. SOLIS.

Under the hillside's tortured edge,
The mongrown mills moss stands,
Cut from years as the cruelest sledge
Is the stone that it lies on.
As she dips it up with bright tin cup
From the spring in the stone-paved floor,
And with Rose's grace, to her laughing face,
Bees in her and over,
I hear the song of the churn.
My eyes delight in the picture
The while I watch her graceful poise,
And listen fast and long,
A homespun goddess beating out
With rhythmic swing and ease
The butter's song in the wattern churn
In bubble, swirl, and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
Rose sings of a maiden's fealty!
She sings of a maiden's love!
She sings of a maiden's wedding!
And I'm lost in Rose's dream.
An envying the cream!

With thrifty housefly's fondful care,
Within the churn she looks,
And I intent on reading there
A love sweet in books.
But how I envy its perfect sweet
That lies in Rose's face,
Her eyes and mine, with meaning shine,
And fierce flush and burn,
I gaze and gaze, unstinting,
My eyes cleave into hers,
The while her fingers sweet and clean
Work with the churning dash.
My arm about her waist and hand
And tool, and string, and cloth,
A churning song to leave refrain
In bubble, swirl, and splash.

Splash! splash! splash!
The cream's cataracts dash,
Her faith beneath my own,
Has something warmer grown,
Her cheek is like the rose-
The double sweet grows-
Than the churn's golden hue,
A yellow island isle,
By milky seal of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And turns the song to rest.
Darkey and fall apart,
Rose's countenance clears!

O golden spot and golden dash!
And golden churn of mine!
By the rose love whose essence we
Have taught us all I learned
Of love that lies in woman's eyes,
I pledge in memory's wine,
For still bubble and splash this
Love song in churning time!
I am the husband of Rose!
The happiest of men,
And still my fingers sweep and stone
Upon the churn's rim
As rhythmic verse and flash,
And feel the tolliers of love
In bubble, swirl, and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
The cream's cataracts dash!
The churning song is ended!
Rose's face is ugly,
Though lumpy thumps
The butter's golden lump,
A yellow island isle,
By milky seal of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And turns the song to rest.
Darkey and fall apart,
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In bubble, swirl, and splash!

"If Nathan Gregg was the only man on earth I wouldn't marry him.

A MOUNTAIN NYMPH; OR, Through Love's Crucible.

By E. BURKE COLLINS.

Author of "By Fate's Decree," "A Modern Heathen," "A Gilded God," Her Dark-Eyed Will," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A CRUEL DEED.

He stood looking idly, almost the tall, carven mantel, his head with its crop of short, dark hair, resting upon one hand; his eyes large, violet-blue, fixed upon the supercilious face of the elder man who sat at the desk before him, and who answered to the name of Stephen Jordan, Esq., attorney-at-law.

"So this is true, is it?"

The words came slowly from the young man's lips, half hidden by a heavy, brown mustache. He had not seemed surprised, but there was a droop at the corners of the handsome mouth that had not been there.

"It is true, Nathan," Jordan answered; "that I am to be disinherited? Tough, rather, don't you think, Mr. Gregg? How I am, a young fellow, Edgar Warner, by name, twenty-eight years old, and presumably beyond I have been imbued with the belief that I was to be the heir to my uncle's wealth? With that understanding I was content, although I am willing and anxious to work, and hoped for a partnership. But I am refused to permit me to fit myself for anything. I am a sort of an outcast from the world; neither a business man, a working-man, or a gentleman of leisure; I shall be an utter nobody, now that my prospects are gone. Is that comprehensive enough, or have I not?" he pronounced.

Lawyer Jordan bowed his gray head in the affirmative.

"You have, my dear boy; and it is useless to add that I am sorry—decidedly sorry, for the same. Your uncle, Fleisy Warburton, was a peculiar man, as you know, and he had to have his own way, right or no, he changed the whole course of your life, just for the sake of a silly whim. Pardon me, but I say that he has treated you with unpardonable cruelty. You should, you recently, and—"

"Spare me!" Don't speak as of Uncle Warburton!" Somewhere from the depths of his heart there seemed to rise for him those words. "I deserve! After all, he has always given me a home and every luxury, education, travel; I have no right to expect more."

"He has—Mr. Jordan's eyes twinkled, but there was a suspicious moisture in their depths—"he has done all that was right and just, after wasting you on to expect from his blood, and he believe yourself his kin prospective, by courtesy exercise a will leaving all his immense fortune—all save a few paltry thousands which he flings at you as one flings a bone to a hungry dog—to this raw country girl, a backwoods dowdy. Just because years ago her father saved Fleisy Warburton's life on the battlefield. It was at the battle of Antietam; I have often heard old Warburton tell the story. It was a brave and gallant deed, for sure; but all the same, he should remember that his own blood runs in your veins, my boy, and that this change in the will is a cruel deed. Pardon me, Nathan, if I say that I cannot fully believe the old man in a little 'off.' So just as soon as I had returned to my office, after executing the will, I took the liberty of sending for you, that you might the truth and be prepared. It looks like the act of a madman, does it not?" he commented, with the old man, he seemed seriously offended.

"Who is the girl?" questioned the young man, with a slight show of interest, a faint smile touching the handsome lips of the lawyer.

"She is here. An! that is the strangest part. You remember when your uncle took that sudden journey to the West? Well, he had acquaintance there, as was then and there that the mischief was done. He came back with a wife and a daughter. It seems across this here who had saved his life in the civil war, he found him very poor, consequently, crippled for life; his wife a delicate, sick-invalid, and his daughter their sole dependence except for the infinitesimal pittance he received from the government for services rendered his country in her hour of need.

"Now, it would have been all right had Mr. Warburton contented himself with buying them a comfortable home, and giving them an income—say $1,200 per year—which would be wealth to the estate of that region; but, as evil fortune would have it, your uncle was struck with the beauty and innocence of the wife for the fully woman he has ever loved. It seems that she had jilted him to marry another, but that does not count now, in Fleisy Warburton's mind, which is like a child—wayward and capricious at which I have ever known him. He has made her his wife, and, as I say, he has brought her here, and installed her as his guest. Her name is deliciously old-fashioned, as is herself—Belinda Wynne. Warburton declares that she is a—a—well, she is simply perfection, so Judge by his rhapsodies. It is astonishing that he did not do as nine-tenths of the men in his place would have done, and bring home a match between the girl and you, my boy. But no, he has run down what nobody would expect him to do. One realizes in dealing with him that it is always the unexpected that happens; so he just makes up his brilliant mind to make the girl his sole heiress. This intention was cemented into a determination by the fact that he fell ill up there in the mountains, and Belinda nursed him back to health once more, thus averting the shafts about his neck. You see, now as I, the wretch is in possession of the facts, I am willing to be hospitable. They will be here presently, and I suppose that you will say that they did not of his wealth, but just thought that he was moderately well off. They will be asked to dine informally, and I admire them for it, and can see no romantic side of your uncle and his much good, true people, especially when his own flesh and blood is cast off for the sake of a girl who is no kin at all. The finding a hint of his intention to make the boy Belinda his heiress was pretty bigoted, my boy. I am acting with a shameful lack of professional reserve toward him in telling you the truth—that you are to be disinherited, but I cannot help it. I am sorry, and will upon something my own portion!

"If I am doing wrong—it is the first time in all my professional career that I have betrayed a trust—I pray to be forgiven. But it does seem so unjust to deprive you of everything, and then keep you in the dark as to the cause.

"I hope that you will have executed?"

"I have. There it is."

He laid his hand upon a folded document in a gingerly fashion, as if he would not be contaminated by its touch.

"Then you will be questioned," the young man, with a slight show of interest, a faint smile touching the handsome lips of the lawyer.

"I shall not be here. Am I that to the strangest part. You remember when your uncle took that sudden journey to the West? Well, he had acquaintance there, as was then and there that the mischief was done. He came back with a wife and a daughter. It seems across this here who had saved his life in the civil war, he found him very poor, consequently, crippled for life; his wife a delicate, sick-invalid, and his daughter their sole dependence except for the infinitesimal pittance he received from the government for services rendered his country in her hour of need.

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here with you, darlin'—as old man's fluttery voice for a bright young girl who brings back to him the days of his youth, and she's sure he had when he was young.

"I may have to imagine all Mr. Warbertons ever being young," chuckled Belinda, "but I'm not going to."

"Indeed, my dear," Wynne said.

A wilful girl and a designing—though Tony explained with the extreme indulgence known as "mother"—heart in charge of a rich old bachelor. Such was Cinderella in trouble.

"Now, Belinda, I told you to send Mr. Warbeton up. Down in Cane Green there is a saying that 'Delays are dangerous,' and I believe it. Run along, my dear, and tell Mr. Warbeton to come in."

"I'll go and get the mountain on Cross, mother," announced the girl, patting the old man's cheek as she rose to her feet. "And then I'm going over to Hilgate to the garden party."

"Belinda, you will do nothing of the thing!" burst in the mother, sharply. "You're not going to be seen in the car, I presume, and then you're a-comin' home with Warbertons and to do as you're told, and entertain Mr. Grout. Mr. Warbeton, I'm sure, will be very sensible, and I don't doubt you can reach him, if you'd try."

"I'll try, mother."

The girl's red lip curled scornfully.

"Come on, old pal! Take Grout! Mother doesn't want to eat of your scraps! If Natalie Warbeton wants him, she can have him. I wouldn't marry him, and so you needn't himself the trouble of asking me."

And then she was gone, the door closed behind her. Mr. Nathan Gregg himself, and Mrs. Wynne, who had been trying to encourage the girl whom he had always considered a child, to do as she pleased.

He was big and burly—a fair specimen of the Southern Carolina mountain laborer, with coarse black hair and beard, and eyes that had been deep-set, hazed and sunburned to a nondescript color.

"I'm sorry, Belinda," he said, slowly, began, awkwardly, "but there ain't no use in you a-goin' to the car, for I don't know's I does been there this mornin', and there's a letter for you, I reckon, addressed to it and on the postman."

And then, with a nod to Mrs. Wynne, Belinda turned to receive the letter, hesitating to receive the slightest favor from the old man, and opened and read the letter into the pocket of her dress, and then, with a little toss of her head, showed acutely about in the direction of the car, and started down the path to where the car was waiting.

"It be back in a little while, mother," she said, as she passed, "and I'll be back in the fresh air and a bit of a canter."

"Belinda, my dear," Mrs. Wynne turned to the discomfited Gregg. "Belinda, my dear, you will not go to Hilgate to-day! If you open to leave Belinda until I have had time to speak to you, I will tell you! Just you follow her up the Boulevard and see that she does not go to it, you won't be sorry, Belinda's mother will be grateful to you, Mr. Gregg!"

He needed no second bidding. Mounting his own automobile, he was off, and then Gregg galloped away in the direction that Belinda had taken, and was soon out of sight.

"I'm glad to see that interview no lady," said Mrs. Wynne, with a sigh of relief, as she came down the mountain path, and, passing the waiting automobile, entered her own house and sank down in a chair. "There, very pale and quiet, the girl will be back in a little while, and I'm sure that Mr. Warbeton will be religious and sensible, and will not encourage the girl in any of her whims. I'm sure I hope so, for I'm tired of Belinda and her whims, and I will never have her."

And then, wearied eyes, she closed over to the old wooden table which held the letter that Belinda had left there, and the letter which Belinda had tossed aside touch dismay and complication.

"Belinda's mother," it began, "I suppose, that to date and of my mind, and you will be glad to hear that I am to be Belinda' Aunt Eleanor's—a sudden memory of her own name—Mrs. Warbeton's husband. Now, I'm sure you will be glad to hear that I'm safely I have put an end to that unfortunate affair.

The next color flushed her round cheek, and she looked down at the letter in an unfashionable sheet of pleasure, and then, with a little sigh, she read on:

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that it is I found this person among some of my husband's old papers, and that I have written to him, and he has come to me, and I have told him that I am willing to take Belinda home with me, and that she is to be my heir and always in my will. I love her."

Mrs. Wynne's eyes pictured the letter and then had it away once more in the old table and drawn the face of Edgar Warbeton.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLOT IS FORMED.

As Edgar Warbeton entered the old-fashioned corner, Herbert Wentworth turned from the window, and the two men, who had known each other in their childhood, but who had not entered the library where he stood, and Warbeton, who had not seen each other and just reconvening from his fit of temper.

"Ah! Good-morning, Uncle Philip!" he said, with a smile, and a nod of greeting to his uncle.

Philip Warbeton stopped short in his nervous pacing of the room, and surveyed wistfully from under their bushy eyebrows.

"How dare you intrude upon my privacy, sir?" he demanded, in a high voice.

Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, especially as I have come to ask a favor of you, but, seeing no one, came nothing out upon a chance, and I thought you were not at home."

"I am not! I am not! Going out! Going to Newport! Going to New York tonight! Going to Europe! Going to the devil! Going to—"

"What does it mean, uncle?" Herbert asked.

Old Philip Warbeton shouted about and flung his hands in the air, and ended in a frowning face.

"It means that he is a fool—a cursed fool! I have made a new will and left my money to Natalie, and she is a fool, and when she married my son she married my son—and my life. Bert Wentworth—"

"Uncle Philip!" Herbert started to his feet in astonishment, and then, with a sudden flush, "I shall consider your remarks about my self-control, but I shall not consider your remarks about Natalie. Natalie is my wife, and I will not allow you to speak of her in that manner."

A white old head—a large, coarse head, fairly covered with the extreme length—almost shook as "mother"—bent in shaking emotion.

"Natalie is a fool, I told you to send Belinda to me. Where is she? Has Green taken her? Has she gone to Hilgate? Has she been met? Has she gone?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you are not speaking of Natalie, but of another unnerved from me than from Edgar. I am sorry to have disturbed you, sir, and will leave you to your peace. I will go to Belinda, and I cling naturally to seek the mountain on Cross, mother," announced the girl, patting the old man's cheek as she rose to her feet. "And then I'm going over to Hilgate to the garden party."

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BEAUTY PLUS UTILITY.

One of the latest additions to a dining-room equipment is a carving table. This is a small table that can be used without the fear coming from beneath gives sufficient support to the heaviest roast or platter of plenty. It is designed to be brought to the table with the meat on it, and, after the meat is carved and served, the carving table is taken away.

No table is fully furnished these days without a floral centerpiece or a dish of fruits. The chief object seems to be how to arrange them artistically. The use of these different colors can be well combined in the centerpiece.

What better arrangement for a centerpiece than a basket of fruit? Two oranges are placed on the bottom of the basket, then a double-decker, with cement-shaped top, is placed on the bottom of the basket to hold it up. Then the cups and saucers find a place on the double-decker. Then the fruit is placed on the double-decker, with the oranges on the bottom of the basket. The handle of the basket is then wound with smilax, and the basket is filled with flowers. The flowers should be placed in water tubes, so that they will not wilt. The basket is then carried easily with all its parts, and the effect is so pretty that it accommodates any number of eats.

Another pretty centerpiece is a fern dish, known as cake plates, besides the fern dish, are placed candlesticks with red shades.

For the occasionally disposed, denim is the material for home decoration. It is considered fine for covering the walls in eight-color which is subject to the German invasion. Pretty window seats are made of denim, covered with burlap and painted to match, and are then purchased for the low price of from 12 to 25 cents per yard.

Free to Invalid Ladies.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after physicians and hospitals had failed. Will send free to any sufferer. Address Mrs. L. Summers, Box 2288, Jackson, Mich.

It is a mistake to eat the most ripe fruit. Fruit should be picked and eaten when unripe, as in that state it is most wholesome. Fruit ripened on the tree or on the vine is not the best for the living body has a power of making fat of the sugar in fruit, and this fat will be of no use to another—that fat itself does not help to make fat. Fruit is the food for the blood, it is the purifier of the blood, in addition to the diet of a succulent person. Fruit seems to be a preventative against the onset of burning off food excess. In more than one way fruit is a necessity to life, and therefore, administered as an essential part of the diet.

Preakness is a Disease.

I will send a book of testimony free how to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address, B. McDANIEL, 45 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

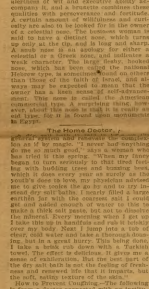
The Home Doctor.

Effects of the Most Common Complaints and Their Remedies.

A Trifling but Serious Disorder Licked.

Spring is the time when the system needs toning up, and the blood needs purifying to throw out the germs and perform other duties which nature has assigned it. Many people have occurred yesterday, when a Cripple Creek man with a bad cough and a pale face entered the head of gold was a good-fellow, but was not a man to be trusted. He was a man of many large holds. He walked up to the desk, got and called much on credit, and then he made a rush set pace, but not to dissolve his interest. Every morning he was at it and I take his up in handfuls and rub it briskly over my head and face. I also use it in my bath. I have a bath sponge which I use with the towel. The effect is delicious. It gives me a sense of coolness. The first few mornings the dry salt bath is not the feeling of freshness and pleasure which the use of it gives after the soft, satiny texture of the skin.

"I have also used it on my hair following it from a doctor connected with the institution in which there are many children. "There is nothing more refreshing to the hair than coughing. For some time I had been in the habit of using it for the hair, and after for one minute at least to insure the nourishment of the hair. I have also used it in the hospital at the institution. By means of this kind of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing many to comply with the breath when treated to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprise to see



Cloque is our autumn fate. French model hats for autumn wear are many of them trimmed.

now some of the children entirely recovered from the disease. Constant coughing is precisely the scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person who is tempted to cough, take a long breath, and hold it until it is almost bursting, then let go the cough, and some benefit will most be received from this process. The nitrogen, which is thus retained, acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough, and giving the tissues a chance to heal. At the same time it exhales moisture, and gargle is not adverse to respiration.

"I don't want you to think I'm a chemist, but out in the mines we don't have any such inviting machinery as that. Take my finger, and if my over left the stove long enough to get cold. Let a person who is tempted to cough, take a long breath, and hold it until it is almost bursting, then let go the cough, and some benefit will most be received from this process. The nitrogen, which is thus retained, acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough, and giving the tissues a chance to heal. At the same time it exhales moisture, and gargle is not adverse to respiration.

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STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. I was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least thing tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. To the fact of the first bottle was magical. The symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to women."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHELPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, nervousness, and a run-down condition of system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and able to do my own work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERBEL, Postal Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. Also a bad falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Mrs. E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

Novel Nightcaps.

Fashion every year has a whim worn around in the aesthetically artistic. After the Greek fashion, which was followed by the Greek fashion, which was followed by the Greek fashion, which was followed by

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.

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One Copy One Year - - - - - $1.00
One Copy Six Months - - - - - .50
(IN ADVANCE.)

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The Ledger employs no traveling agents in soliciting subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for The Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of The Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

The "Sampson chewing gum" is on the market. It can be chewed on the Schley.

Women never lose things; they put them in a good place and can't recall the place.

Apparently Vesuvius is trying to live up to the exploits of its namesake at Santiago.

Notwithstanding all the arguments that have taken place, but few debatable questions have ever been settled.

Among the things to be told to the marines is that they are good boys and have acquitted themselves splendidly.

Every single thing on earth has its use and it is probably just as well that we don't know about some things.

The boy who thinks his father is a fool may kick about the quality of the grub served in the penitentiary in after years.

The assassin of the Austrian empress is an "anarchist by conviction." There won't be any doubt about his conviction.

A philosopher says that one has to be in business with a man or in love with a woman in order to know that he does not know them.

When the peace commission gets settled down to business in Paris the French government may get rid of a lot of trouble by submitting the Dreyfus case to it for settlement.

The Spanish statesmen who have declined places on Sagasta's peace commission naturally have a dislike to being mobbed when they get through with their duties in Paris and return home.

One of the most ingenious as well as useful contrivances ever invented is a clock with attachments that not only wake a person at night but also strike a light in the room and kindle a fire. The clock is the invention of Mr. Thomas W. Hunt of Macon, Georgia, and is certain to become a household necessity. If a person wants to get up at 3:30 o'clock in the morning all that is necessary is to set the alarm on the clock for that hour and adjust the light and fire attachments. Promptly at 3:30 the alarm will awake the sleeper, light a candle that is attached and kindle a fire in the grate. The clock works perfectly, and Mr. Hunt has already sold the state right for their sale in a number of states.

One of the most remarkable funerals that has ever been reported probably occurred at Brooksville last Sunday night. Mr. R. H. Ware, ex-undertaker of that city, died Friday or Saturday, and, in accordance with his wishes, expressed in the closing hours of his life, his remains were interred at midnight Sunday night. At the hour of 12 his body was gently lowered into its last resting place. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by Miss Staton, and the impressive service closed with a few remarks and a prayer by the minister. When making the strange request Mr. Ware gave as a reason that he had seen so much insincerity and vain display at funerals that he wanted his to be as quiet as possible.

If the merely idle word is one day to be accounted for and judged, what of the untrue, impure, the profane, the malignant and cruel words with which this earthly air is continually charged? Only a movement of the lips, a moment's stirring of the air, and all is silent, as though the word had never been spoken; yet a fellow creature's happiness has been blighted; a heavy burden has been made still heavier to bear; a heart has been robbed of its guilelessness and trust; the seed has been sown of a career and ends in ruin and death. Those words are not dead. Though they seem to be buried in everlasting oblivion, yet, when the judgment throne is set and earth's myriad's are gathered together to be by their words justified or by their words condemned, they will return with solemn, reverberating echo out of the darkness of the past, and fall with dismay and shame on the ears of those who spoke them. And those words—faithful, pure, benign—passing to and fro among men like white-winged angels, carring messages of love and hope and healing from heaven; words almost divine in their ennobling influence, helping us ever onward and upward along life's journey—these, too, will awake from their sacred slumber and amid the grateful murmur of the multitudes whom they have gladdened, comforted and saved, their blessed sound will be heard on earth once more.

MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

A STORY OF ROUGH LIFE AT SEA.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

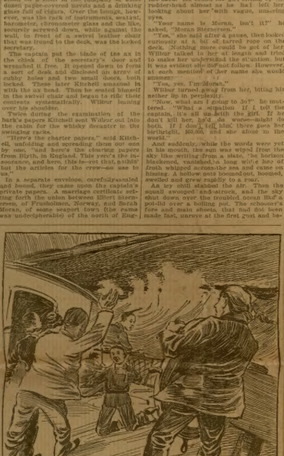
[Ross Wilbur, a society man of San Francisco and a graduate of Yale, while on the city's waterfront, is accosted by a sailor, who asks for a light for his pipe. The sailor engages him in conversation, and drinks are proposed. Immediately after the drinks Wilbur loses consciousness, which he regains only to find himself on board a filthy schooner anchored out in the bay. He remonstrated with the captain, who orders him forward, and promptly knocks him down when he refuses to obey. Capt. Kitchell chooses Wilbur for his watch, instructs him in seamanship and incidentally tells him the object of the cruise. They run into a school of turtles. Wilbur, pulling an oar in the small boat, shows himself a good oarsman. A wrecked bark sighted and boarded.]

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile Charlie had brought the Bertha Millner up to within hailing distance of the bark, and had hove her to. Kitchell ordered Wilbur to return to the schooner and bring over a couple of axes.

"We'll have to knock holes all through the house and break in the skylights and let the gas escape before we can do anything. Take the bic over and give him whisky; then come along back and bear a hand."

Wilbur had considerable difficulty in getting into the dory from the deck of the ...



"Are you going to drown like rats on a plank?"

CHAPTER V.

"Well, what was it? Listen! For God's sake keep quiet there forward!"

Wilbur loked over the side into the water. The ripples were still chasing themselves away from the schooner. There was nothing else. The stillness shut down again. There was not a sound.

(To be continued next week.)

Seekers after gold know they may be disappointed, but seekers after health take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do them wonderful good.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy, yet efficient.

HOW WOULD I THEN BE LOVED?

How would I then be loved? Most tenderly
This heart doth shrink from love's fierce fever heat,
So soon the fire of passion burneth out
And leaves us naught but ashes gray and cold.
I yearn but for the dew of tenderness
'Tis thus would I be loved.

How would I then be loved? Most patiently
With cares and many sorrows oft oppressed.
Now do I need a strong and patient arm
To lean upon as on through life I tread,
To bear me up in love.

How would I then be loved? Devotedly.
Of all the world I must be first and best
And fill the measures of existence full
For him whose heart and mine do interchange.
[illegible]
Could human heart desire this side of heaven.

BURGLAR TRAPS.

They Worked With Great Success but Unfortunately Caught the Wrong Man.

Mr. Reuben Goldsmid was a prosperous man. He had a dingy little office in Hatton Garden, the chief furniture of which consisted of two huge safes, which always contained enough diamonds, polished and in the rough, to adorn a court.

Mr. Reuben Goldsmid had very little to trouble him, but even the most peaceful lives have their period of unrest and trouble came to Mr. Goldsmid in the shape of a kindly circular from Scotland Yard.

It warned him that the enterprising burglar was on the warpath in the London suburbs and that detached houses "standing in their own grounds" were specially liable to his attack.

As he went to town that day his attention was attracted by the talk of two of his fellow travelers.

"Fearful business, this burglary at the Bulgarian embassador's," said the stout man. "Where are the police?"

"That's just what I want to know," said the tall man. "In my country if a chap goes burgling in a city, why, the police run him to earth pretty quick, and if he tries that game on in the country you bet he soon has the regulators on his track and finds himself strung up to a telegraph pole."

"All very well talking," said the stout man, gruffly; "I've heard of American burglaries before this."

"See here," said the tall man, "an American burglar has a lot to do before he gets inside a house. Your idea here seems to be to have locks that you can pick with a crooked nail and window catches you can open with a butter knife. I should like to rig up a house and make it safe and see some of your clever burglars fooling around trying to find a way in."

Mr. Goldsmid could keep silence no longer. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I really should like to have a talk with you. To tell the truth, if you can help me to put my house in something like a tolerable state of security I shall be most grateful. I am most anxious, I assure you. Here is my card."

"And here is mine, sir. I'm happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Goldsmid, and I shall be glad to help you."

Mr. Goldsmid took the card and read, "Cyrus F. Trotter, Mechanical and Electrical Engineer, 361 West Fifteenth street, New York."

After lunch Mr. Trotter took the diamond merchant to a half dozen shops and offices to show him various engines of destruction and mechanical devices which he must purchase in order to "fix up" the house at Highgate.

Mr. Trotter was busy for nearly three days putting his appliances in position. Then he dined at Highgate and showed Mr. Goldsmid how, by merely turning a button behind the hall door, all his apparatus was put in full working order, while by turning it back again the whole would be turned out of gear.

Mr. Goldsmid slept comfortably that night and felt like a man who is beyond the reach of the dangers that afflict ordinary mortals.

Next day he was called away to Amsterdam on important business. He sent a telegram to Mrs. Goldsmid telling her that if he were not back by 6 p. m. on Tuesday she was not to expect him till the next day.

Tuesday found him on his way home, but it was foggy in the channel, and it was midnight when he arrived.

He turned the key. He pushed the door open, and there was a pleasant feeling of being safe at home, when as his foot crossed the familiar threshold he heard somewhere the jingling sound of an electric bell. Then there was a whirring noise of clockwork half way up the stairs in front of him, and he had barely time to remember all that Mr. Cyrus F. Trotter had done before his departure when from the stair came a long bright flash, a ringing report and a whistling ball.

Gr-r-r! went the clockwork. Then in another second flash! bang! whiz! crash! and a shower of splinters flew from the door he had just opened and poor Mr. Goldsmid realized that the "domestic Gatlin" had come into action.

He dashed wildly into a mass of shrubs. Suddenly there was a sharp snap. He felt a stroke below the knee which nearly broke his leg. He was safe in the iron grip of the bear trap.

After what seemed an age he heard a police whistle.

"What's the matter?"

"Burglars—a whole gang of them!" And he recognized the well known voice of his trusty manservant Higgins. "But the American mautermatic happeratusses that master fitted up before he went away frightened them all off."

Mr. Goldsmid ventured to call out. "Higgins!" he shouted, but he was short of staves and dashed into the shrubbery.

Snap, went bear trap No. 2. "Hang it!" shouted policeman No. 973 as he rolled over.

His comrade was stooping over Mr. Goldsmid flashing his bullseye in his face.

"Help me up," said Mr. Goldsmid. "I'm caught in a trap. Call Higgins here. Get me out of this, I say."

By this time Higgins had mustered up courage to advance into the shrubbery. With some difficulty the two captives were liberated from the bear traps, and Mr. Goldsmid was not to be seen at Hatton Garden two days after his adventure.

Mr. Cyrus Trotter called on him in high glee the very day he reappeared at his office.

"I reckon," he said, "my fortune's made. Why, the apparatus fitted splendidly. It's got into all the papers, and I shall have no end of orders from your aristocracy and gentry."

"You may take all your 'fixings' out of my place and give them to the man who wants them. I would sooner have the burglars any day. I don't blame you, but you nearly killed me at my own door."

"Well," said Mr. Trotter, solemnly, "if you don't like the fixings, why, I'll shift them, but don't blame me next time you are burglared, that's all."—Exchange.

His Inning.

The natty young man looked at the aged banker.

"I'm afraid you do not remember me," he said, with a smile.

The banker squirmed uneasily. Old recollections were tugging at his memory strings.

"I am sorry to say that I do not fully recall you," he hesitatingly replied.

"Let me refresh your memory," said the young man. "On the seventh day of September, 1896, you kicked me through that doorway and down the outside stairs."

The aged banker turned pale.

"I—I remember," he stammered.

"Yes," said the young man. "I thought you would recall it. I had asked you for your daughter's hand. You harshly repulsed me. You called me a designing pauper. You jumped on me and flung me out. Do you remember those pleasant details?"

"Yes, yes," groaned the banker, as he looked at the card the youth had just handed him.

"Of course you do," said the young man. "You are not as senile as you look. I see you recognize the name on the card. You know it is that of the smartest operator on the street. Yes, sir, the pauper target for your boot is now a treble millionaire. In this little valise I have securities to the value of $400,000. By the way, is the rumor true that your bank is toppling?"

"It is too true," groaned the banker.

"And would $400,000 help you?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the aged man.

"And how is your lovely daughter?"

"She is well!" shouted the banker.

"And unmarried?"

"Still unmarried!" shrieked the old man.

"Then," said the youth, as he calmly picked up his handbag, "give her my compliments, and tell her to expect cards of invitation for my approaching marriage with the Harlem heiress, Miss Van Damm. That's all, old boy. Good-day. No, you needn't show me out—I—ha, ha—know the way!"

He was gone with the handbag, and the banker fell back on the velvet fauteuil and cursed his unfortunate quickness of foot.

A wonderful offer of how to earn $3 a day sure is explained on the last page of this paper.

The American soft felt hat is all the rage in the leading Australian colonies.

A Big Book About Band Instruments.

If you are interested in a band instrument of any kind, or would like to join a band or drum corps, you can obtain full information upon the subject from the big book of 136 pages that Lyon & Healy, Chicago, send free upon application. It contains upward of 1,000 illustrations, and gives the lowest prices ever quoted upon band instruments.

The American navy has practically all been built since 1883.

50c. For A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION To BOYCE'S MONTHLY AND THIS BEAUTIFUL STUDDED GIRDLE

The most popular of all premiums is the new ladies girdle as shown above. It is made in links so as to be readily adjusted to any size waist. The girdle is roman gold color, satin finish; each link has a beautiful amethyst stone in the center. The clasp in front has an amethyst solitaire. No girdle on the market is more beautiful. You will say it is worth $3.00 when you see it. We defy you to purchase a girdle as durable, fashionable, or as pretty as ours for less than $1.75 to $2.00. Our great business is built up by giving good values. Our subscribers tell their friends about BOYCE'S MONTHLY and thus we are well advertised. You may readily believe that we lose money when we give you this girdle and a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY for 50 cents; but you can see that if we can hold you for several years as a subscriber and by pleasing you get you to tell your friends about our magazine, that we will be paid for our trouble. Simply send us 50 cents and the girdle will be sent postpaid.

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When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE HAG.

A Mystery of a Beautiful Magician.

By LEROY ARMSTRONG.

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SYNOPSIS.

The opening chapters deal with the first discovery of "The Hag" in the grounds of Bruce Alleghan by the heroine, and the mystery concerning Mrs. Fallon, who seems to have been in two places at once. Also with the appearance at a trading station in the Klondike of Jack Fallon, and Morton Travers is injured while behind the scenes. Following this, mysterious incidents take place on a yacht and at the theater, where Mrs. Bell seems to possess her paranormal powers. The flight of Mrs. Fallon as for a wheel ride to Cary Mills, and the latter's disappearance, while revealing all the many strange happenings, the characters go on with their excitement. Sullivan, Millionaire, thinks he sees his wife with Ward Bellingham, and a struggle with the latter follows in a strange interview. "August 31," comes to Mrs. Fallon in a dream, and Allen decides to "bring out" Mr. Bell.)

CHAPTER XII.

When in a wrestle the giant catching shall with a terrible hugs, broke three of his ribs.

A great pavilion, with a myriad of tables, and a stage at the farther end, filled the air the fortieth night of the Cary Mills season with the company of singers and another company of actors—the same number as good as the other was had. The outlying regions of midnight space, and beyond the darkness of a summer night, and the sun lit up the fair grounds, and the crowd was there for another night's pleasure in dancing, swimming, with tracks for wheels and for runners; with swings, rings, and ladders, and many hurdles. That was the picture that met the eye as the sun rose toward to Mrs. Fallon.

"Where have you been so many things" asked Travers.

"Oh, dearie! learn these. She knows them," was Marian Travers' reply.

A sagacious manager found for them just a sort of an actress they would like, and united to them an especially capable company.

They entered the management under a little, but just strength. They started when they did, in May, and they were able to engage and keep together until the end of the season.

Mrs. Fallon, the ferret—the many a freak—revelled for her in the new life, and the volume could have fulfilled. And the wisdom of this life is not yours to read.

The woman had some little gossip, of their own, and Ed Thorne with Mrs. Bellingham walked about the great shed, inspecting the animals, and the two men had repaired to feed here.

"Chicago is like the whole world," said the specialist in surgery. "Everybody is here."

"When you ever at Aden?" bantered the club man.

"Almost the end of the Red sea?"

"Yes."

"Never, but I am told it is the hottest and the wickedest place on the face of the earth."

"Your informant took no mean advantage of your credulity. It is?"

"Yes, I am told, by everybody."

The business men of Coney Island stood before them, still cherishing the stub of an extinguished but excellent cigar.

"Good, my friend. Glad to see you have got your cool off. How are you?"

"I'm all right. But I can take off my coat if you like."

"That's do it. You look better that way. Andy, the friend, strolled up and stood silently around.

"I told you I would know where to find you."

"You told me true."

"I'm glad to see you."

"We're glad to see you."

"Let's see, Spartacus. I don't want any trouble. I'm a peaceable man. If you and your friend here had been in this at the time those women would you have permitted it?"

"Why, what's it to you? I don't see why he's got to have you over his nail."

"How far is it to the ground?"

"It's far enough. Do you?"

"Most oblique, sure you?"

"I can take you from a yes or two."

"Now, look here, Spartacus. I've been looking for you for a long time, and you've been so confounded elusive that I've given it up and have turned now to wrestle. Let's go up there on the roof and see if we can't find where the people can enjoy it."

"Any woman to see me break your neck, do you?"

"I really don't care for that. I'm going to have you. I'm going to have you shortly, and saving a good time. If we get tangled up here we will have trouble and disturb the peace. We will get arrested. That don't make much difference, only it takes time to square the cess sergeant, you see."

They found the manager, and he—quite willing to add much to the interest of the entertainment—cordially agreed. They went on the stage in rigorous, comfortable bathing clothes. They agreed to the catch-as-catch-can style and the "Queensberry rules" of the country. And they stood in Ward Bellingham's ready for the encounter.

The manager himself was referee, and there was some equality of opportunity about this encounter which stirred the gossips and interested everybody.

The Cross Island man was a stranger, but he was a man of muscle, and his build things over him that he was not to be trifled with.

When he had once grappled he whirled he had not overrated himself. For this Spartacus was a man of power. He could not seem to be a soft spot to him anywhere.

They were side against side, shoulder to shoulder, each opposite arm around and the left hand locked in the left hand of opponent; and there quivering against opposing muscles, waiting for either advantage. It was Butler head against Apollo's, toil and strength against skill.

They pushed forward and back and then with both bodies bowed and fell sharply down first. Five each left off sound and several every energy to conflict—contesting all contests till of mere overweight he succeeded.

And how like a flash of lightning came the breath that seems strangle, when one of the two men who wrestle for life and for life says that the right of supremacy and feared with the outgoing air!

The great eye that stared, and with two yellow cords of teeth that champed and frightened them.

"Look there!"

It was the form of Sicsie, but the voice of the gorilla flamed that all about it. The great beast was standing on the floor of the red-haired face poised hither and thither, and then it settled with strange intentness, and before them the ghost of the dead Sicsie.

Writhingly they followed that vision.

Ward Bellingham raised a voice.

"A bear!" he cried.

And the bestial head, hair and nose by the stone of a tufted cap, blinked across the room and then rolled.

But it was not a bear at all.

It was the man who watched this way and that for the ghost head as if the hate indeed him, and then turned and looked at the other man. It was the face of Sicsie, many spots impressed. He rubbed his fair hair with the trunk of a palm tree—for there was suddenly darkness, and a thunderstorm was on—and he looked at the face of a mighty dead.

The fight above the center table was ultimately unsatisfying. They were quite strong giants, but there at the farther shore of the table rug was a curious fight that seemed to come from humorous devils on the one hand and from the gloomiest gods on the other. It was the gloomiest gods that broke from gently undulating waves when the two men turned the black, dead whole of the back above the surface.

Then there was suddenly seen a girl in the water, and she was swimming with her head, and smiling and looking to the shore. She was fifteen within and she could never a pause close to the shore, and stood within it. And before they knew it she had rushed—but not in supplication! And all the while the two men were in the water and struggling. No second child, and the strength and exceeding force each instant.

When the two men had wrestled to finale the manager came forward and announced that the contest was declared a draw. And the two men were declared official champions after which the second and final bout between the two men was declared off.

"Never mind who these two men are," said the manager, addressing the crowd. "We are looking at the best men in the world. Just now they are in the arena. Just now they are in the water. Just now they are always in. That's all."

The Cross Island man had a season of tribulation. No one cared a cent about the Cross Island man. "Who is he?" "Where did Lilacs?" "Oh, yes!" "The Nelson fish, you mean?" "Oh, yes!" made a grand effort to be applauded. He had the Sicsie and Bruce Above the Bed and Yellow and got a reception. But the Nelson people would not permit it to be regarded as a fight. Nelson's wife was there, and "Now, run away, and let's have the battle."

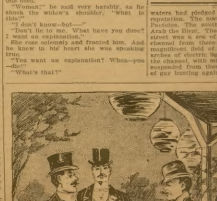
"Don't you know—"

"Don't you know, What have you done? I want an explanation."

The cooler and fretted him. And he knew in his heart she was speaking true.

"I want an explanation! When—you know!"

"What's that?"



"Want your women to see me break your neck, do you?"

"This is an unknown to me as to you, Lord Nelson. But cursor. No less a person than that ottoman? See those chairs? See that table in the midst? Don't you see the chairs?"

"I don't tell you nothing. What did you see? I saw a bear, and a leopard, and—and as fair a woman? I saw the sea, and the waves surrounding each other. I saw the fight on the fifth night, I recollect, on the top of Himalayan mountains, and

GOLDENROD.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

A Horrible Experience Vividly Described by One Who Was Present.

BY FRED SINGER.

It is a glorious morning as we steam up the peerless Bay of Panama. Yesterday it rained all day, as it only rains in the tropics, but this morning our surroundings are a dream of fairy loveliness. The air is clear, cool and sweet, and the exuberant vegetation of the innumerable islands on our left is fairly sparkling with radiant brilliance, and extending its luxuriance to the edge of the blue and crystal water. Often our big ship steams close enough for us to hear the strange cries of brilliant-plumed birds, and even to see the lovely little humming birds darting like winged rubies and sapphires from tree to tree.

Presently we have landed, in a more or less prosaic manner, and as the tide is falling, a fine, firm stretch of sand begins to show itself. Along this we stroll aimlessly, and looking upwards toward a cleared slope on our left, we have a melancholy reminder of the "trail of the serpent" in the form of scores of graves dotted about here and there, in which are buried many of our fellow-officers. We remember for the moment that it was the terrible yellow fever that took them; but our natural exuberance is so great that we do not allow ourselves to dwell on this depressing subject.

The evening breeze is blowing right on to the island, and gentle, curling little waves are breaking with a soft murmur on the strand. The part of the island where we are standing is the bathing ground. The water all over the bay is pretty shallow, ... and a half to five fathoms. Sharks of thirteen and fourteen feet are met with here, but the boisterous mirth of the bathers and their riotous splashing act as a safeguard against these horrible monsters. Nevertheless, a strict watch is kept.

Let us now cross over to Flamingo Island, by a natural crossing, which is generally dry at low water. Flamingo is a small islet, fairly swarming with humming birds, iguanas and snakes. The last time I was here I killed a large tree snake, over thirteen feet in length. Let us not stop here, however, but pass along to the next island, since we are bent on seeing all there is to be seen. A very different spectacle is now before us. Here is a large hulk, used as a lodging house for the Chinamen employed by the Pacific Mail company. These hard-working Celestials are employed in the taking-in and discharging of cargo, coaling, and other unpleasant duties. As we stroll on we pass a number of whitewashed sheds, with red roofs, and we recognize them at once as the factory of the Pacific Mail company. There is plenty of machinery here for repairing defects on quite a large scale. Big anchors, rusty boilers, tanks, buoys, and parts of propellers, all painted with red lead, give the place quite a gay and busy appearance. Close at hand is the superintendent's house—a fine, large, airy structure, with a spacious veranda running all round. This house is shaded by clumps of cocoanut palms and banana trees. The superintendent, Captain L——, is a typical American and a most hospitable man into the bargain. As you enter the grounds you get the impression of being in a small farm yard. Fowls, ducks, rabbits, and goats are running in all directions, and Chinamen laboring here and there in the slow but methodical manner characteristic of the race. On the veranda are slung a few inviting hammocks, and as we stroll past these we notice that the house faces the sea, looking out towards the steamers and the City of Panama, with its many churches and red-roofed houses.

And yet I have looked out across this sunlit Bay of Panama during a thunderstorm, and have been perfectly appalled at the transformation—that awful darkness, the howl of the rain and gale, and the crashing and hissing of thunderbolts as they fell seething into the water not fifty yards away.

The day before we landed we had arranged with a few of the engineers of the Pacific Mail company and some officers of H. M. S. Pelican, which was anchored out in the bay, to organize an alligator hunt on a large scale—a form of sport of which I myself had had much previous experience and therefore knew it to be as exciting in its way as even ivory hunting. As soon as the details of the hunt were fixed upon, we were joined by the British consul, and some of my own fellow-officers from the ship. We were to find one boat, a fast-sailing cutter, whilst the warship was to furnish her own launch. It was proposed to start at one o'clock in the morning, as we had to go more than twenty miles before entering the little river we had fixed upon, and then, in addition to that, at least another twenty miles before reaching the well known bank, which, according to the local pilots, would be found literally alive with alligators.

When we started our party numbered twenty-two, not including the two pilots and twelve rowers. Each of us carried a Remington or Winchester rifle, besides which most of us were provided with revolvers; these weapons, as it turned out, were quite indispensable, and certainly saved some of us from a horrible death. Among our party was the son of De Lesseps.

I should think it was 1:30 a. m. when we started, with a fine breeze blowing as we set our sails. The moon had only just risen and was throwing a flood of brilliant radiance across the water. The air was warm, but not unpleasantly so. We had, as I remarked before, a good twenty miles to cover before arriving at the bar of the river. We made this point, however, without any noteworthy incident, but in crossing the bar itself quite a considerable sea was running, and we shipped large quantities of water. We could see the launch was faring far better than ourselves; but a few minutes later both boats glided into smooth water inside the bar.

It was daylight before we got fairly into the river, and we now had to take down our sails and commence rowing. The river narrowed gradually, its banks clothed with gorgeous tropical vegetation, and indented by little backwaters, which seemed to be the abode of myriads of birds. Presently we began to see a stray alligator or two, basking here and there in the sun; but as soon as a shot was fired the reptiles would plunge into the river with a tremendous splash, and a few minutes later we could see what appeared to be a piece of timber slowly making its way astern.

We shot a few wild ducks and over fifty large pigeons, but these latter we found quite uneatable, the flesh having a very acrid flavor; this was caused by the birds eating a species of bitter berry which grew in great profusion on the banks.

The alligators became more and more plentiful, and some of the monsters we saw must have been more than twenty feet in length. The river was now but more than thirty yards wide, and we presently reached a kind of open pool, with small streams and backwaters radiating in every direction. We turned up one of the creeks, and suddenly came upon a vast stretch of mud, which was entirely covered with a living mass of basking alligators, of which there must have been many hundreds. No one in either boat had ever seen such an astounding spectacle before. The place was literally paved with scaly saurians, big and little. Certainly one could have walked all over the mud bank on the reptiles' backs without touching the mud itself. This extraordinary sight caused a strange thrill of horror and excitement to pass through us, and our hearts beat so that we could almost hear the throb. We tried to pull our boat a little higher up the creek toward the vast swarm of alligators, but suddenly found that we had grounded, on a falling tide. So excited were we at the time, however, that we regarded this grounding as a small thing, and forthwith prepared for a right royal battle. We all stood up, shouting, and commenced to load as hard as we could.

Bang! The first shot was mine, but I seemed to have thrown to the winds all the hints I had received about the shooting of these creatures. My ball struck the brute on the back, but glanced off immediately, leaving a white mark on the scaly surface. Next moment a perfect volley was delivered from the foremost boat, and the result of this may be conveniently expressed as "better imagined than described." You must understand that up to this time we had not realized the terrible nature of our position. And remember also that our boats and ourselves were between the great "herd" of alligators and the river behind, so that in order to escape from us into the water the reptiles were compelled to pass us by some means. It was really a horrible predicament, because no sooner had every man discharged his rifle at the alligators, than the whole of the hideous flock advanced upon us in a manner that made us realize the situation in an instant. Our two boats in a large measure blocked the creek, and they were stuck on the mud. Also, to our very great horror, the brutes didn't seem to care for our fire in the least, notwithstanding that several of their number already lay dead on the mud bank. Truly, it was a weird and extraordinary spectacle. Hundreds and hundreds of the repulsive creatures were crawling down upon us rapidly from the mud bank, their long tails trailing in the slimy ooze, and their snouts ploughing up the mud as they advanced. On the right-hand side of us nine or ten of the largest alligators lay in their death agonies, lashing the reeking mud with their tails, and hurling the stinking stuff into the air. As the horrid monsters drew nearer, they seemed literally to crawl over one another in their hurry to escape. At last some of the loathsome creatures got so close to us that we had to fire our revolvers into their very eyes and between their jaws. By this time the scene had grown perfectly appalling. My companions had at length thoroughly realized the horror of their position, and every moment they expected to be overwhelmed by the avalanche of alligators.

Before we knew what had happened some of the brutes had dived into the mud right under our boat, and we only became aware of this manoeuvre when the little craft heeled right over, throwing out the purser of our ship into the midst of the terrible reptiles. Mr. M—— was a sixteen-stone man, and he fell into the semi-liquid mud with a tremendous splash, which astonished even the alligators. They snapped at him on all sides, however, and it was only a concentrated fusillade that kept him from being torn to pieces. I feel quite sure the boat would have been overturned altogether by the struggles of the reptiles underneath if it had not been for the stiff consistency of the mud just where we grounded, and the weight of humanity in the boat itself.

Presently the alligators, finding themselves hemmed in, began to lash with their tails the few inches of water which in some places still covered the mud. First a dozen or so of the saurians commenced this unpleasant practice, but it presently spread and became general. Then we were in a sorry pickle, indeed. From every side a perfect hail of foul-smelling green and black mud poured in upon us, and it likewise fell upon us like anything but the "gentle dew from Heaven." In a minute or two our boat was nearly half full of blood and filth, and our faces and clothes were simply covered with the same loathsome mixture.

The man next to me was leaning over the side of the mud-incrusted boat to administer the coup de grace with his revolver to a fifteen-footer, when another dying monster came along and nearly broke his arm with a swinging blow of his tail. Slowly, but surely, the awful torrent of alligators surged past us, and so great was their hurry that sometimes one of the smaller reptiles would actually be shoved into our boat, and we would have to fish back and kill the brute by a shot through the eye or under the shoulder.

For myself, I thought I was getting on splendidly, when a monstrous alligator made a vicious snap at the side of the boat, and dragged it down sideways. Simultaneously another giant rose up out of the mud beneath the boat on the other side and all but shot every one of us out into the mud. As it was, I took a header into the soft slime, terror striking into my heart as I did so, lest the big alligator that had attacked us should snap off my legs before I could rise. I was, however, dragged back in safety into the boat, but in a shocking and revolting condition, as you may suppose. The water was still falling away down the creek, lower and lower, but, thank God! the greater number of the reptiles had got away into the river. I should think there were by this time fifty or sixty of these hideous creatures lying dead and dying and thrashing the mud with their tails. As one of the smaller of the reptiles passed us, we managed to get the boat's painter round his neck, and so secured him. He was about five feet long, and very vicious, snapping his jaws like a steel trap whenever we approached, and blinking his small, leaden eyes in a very fierce manner. When the tide rose again we tried to get some of the mud off our clothes and persons, and we then made our way down into the river. The biggest alligator we had killed measured nineteen feet eight inches in extreme length.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we floated, and after lashing the jaws of our captive and making an oar fast down his back, to prevent him from using his tail, we punted down into the main stream. Both our own boat and the launch started back towards Panama at 5 o'clock, but it soon became very dark. To add to our troubles, the mosquitoes arose in perfect clouds, alighting on our hands and faces, and biting savagely even through our clothes. At times one's hands became absolutely black with these terrible insects, and one killed them helplessly by scores. Needless to remark, every man in our party had had more than enough of alligator hunting. The clothes of each one of us (notwithstanding the scraping) reeked of malodorous slime; besides which, our eyes were swollen, and our noses at least twice their ordinary size, owing to the awful attacks of the mosquitoes. Then, so intense was the heat of the sun—unnoticed in the excitement—that the skin fairly peeled off our faces. In returning, everything was against us. We kept running aground in the dark, and could not get out of that dreadful river until close upon 8 o'clock in the morning. To crown everything, almost every man in the party got a touch of fever or ague, through breathing the tainted atmosphere of the churned-up mud. We arrived on board our respective ships at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, having been absent on our alligator hunt about thirty-five hours.—Wide World Magazine.

"Mr. M. fell in their midst."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

From the Child's Point of View.

"Sarah," remarked Johnnie, to the bright young colored woman in the kitchen, "isn't Abe your son?"

"Good land!" laughed the astonished Sarah, "that gray old man? Why, he's as old as my father; he's my uncle, child. I ain't quite so old's you think;" and for a long time she could not repress a chuckle of amusement every time the old furnace-man passed through her domain.

"Things will look differently to you when you are older," grown people were fond of telling us when we viewed the world through childish eyes; and sure enough, how differently those same people look to us now. For we regarded them as decidedly old, wise and good then, and their superior size made them quite imposing.

A young teacher was describing to her class the flower of the century plant, which she explained blossomed once in a hundred years.

"Have you seen it in bloom often, Miss Brown?" questioned a grave little student, innocently.

Our well-remembered first teacher was perhaps what we might call now a "rather bright little girl," but then she was an elderly person of marvelous wisdom and experience, whose word was not to be disputed, even at home.

A few miles' journey was a distance of vast extent and duration then; home was a roomy place exactly to our taste. To what a dizzy height we attained when we slyly mounted the table and peered over its edge to the door below! Summer was an endless time, affording splendid opportunities for fun. It seemed rather too bad that it contained only one "Fourth of July." Winter and "Christmas" were just as eagerly welcomed, however. The past did not trouble us; in fact, it did not enter our thoughts, and we cared less for the future. It looked as dimly distant to us as eternity seems to us now.

Tell the small boy that he shall have a bicycle some day. "When?" he demands, eagerly. "Next month," you say; and all the gladness dies out of his face, though next year means soon to you. Small children care nothing for your promise of to-morrow or for "by and by."

"Never mind, precious, you shall go to-morrow," chirps tender-hearted little mother to the weeping, teasing youngster clinging to her gown; but it is "now" with him, and he will not be consoled until some plan is suggested which will occupy the present moment.

Some of the comfortable illusions of childhood we would gladly hold still, for the world narrows and many things seem to grow pitifully small and insignificant. We should like to peep once more, for a moment at least, at the men and women about us, at today, with its waiting hears and moments, at home and ourselves, through the innocent, laughter-lined, magnifying eyes of childhood.

Free to All Women.
I have earned of a very simple home treatment which will readily cure all female disorders. It is nature's own remedy and I will gladly send it free to every suffering woman. Address MABEL E. RUSH, Joliet, Illinois.

BRUNO AND PIGGY.

Mr. Kane's bruno is a great Newfoundland dog, so large that, when he stands on his hind feet he can rest his paws on Mr. Kane's shoulders. But though so tall, he is only a year old, merely a puppy, and as full of fun and play as you can think.

Mrs. Kane and he are great friends, and he seems to think she belongs entirely to him.

For a long time she had no other pet, so Bruno was petted to his heart's content.

But one day Mr. Kane brought home a pig—a little, pink-skinned fellow with white bristles, looking pretty enough for any lady to take into her lap.

Mrs. Kane was charmed with the pig, and made a pet of him at once, much to Bruno's disgust. He would act as sulky and jealous as could be whenever Mrs. Kane petted piggy, and would never notice the little fellow, unless to give him a spiteful little nip whenever he had a good chance.

Piggy was so little that they gave him the run of the yard. One day Mrs. Kane heard a fearful squealing, and stepped out to see what was the matter. What do you think?

Bruno had the poor little fellow in his mouth, and he carried him to a puddle of black, sticky mud, and dropped him into the very middle, where he stuck fast, squealing louder than ever. Then Bruno came running to his mistress, with his tongue lolling out and his brown eyes twinkling, as much as to say, "I've fixed that little dance, now, haven't I?"

"Shame on you, Bruno!" said his mistress. "A great dog like you teasing that poor little piggy! Go straight and get him out!"

Bruno turned and scampered back to the puddle. He fished out the little pig, brought him back and laid him at his mistress' feet, the dirtiest little pig you ever saw.

She had to get warm water and a broom and scrub him. And all the while Bruno sat there, with his head on one side and tongue hanging out, watching her.

And I almost think I could see that dog laugh.

Female Diseases and the Piles.
I have found a very simple remedy that is a positive cure for all female diseases, and the piles. It never fails, and I will gladly mail a free box to every sufferer. MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 11, Kokomo, Ind.

Atchison Philosophy.

Even a good dog is appreciated.

No one can talk about his sickness without becoming tiresome.

Any one who will patronize an excursion will laugh at a circus clown.

When women admit that a woman they dislike looks pretty, they add "for her."

Americans are great people to manufacture burdens and carry them around.

If you loaf around a store or office a great deal remember that you are not welcome.

A man never has as much trouble with his mother-in-law as his wife has with hers.

At every picnic every guest secretly believes that every other guest didn't bring her share.

If you can put a piece of gum in your mouth and not chew it you have strong will power.

When a girl's marriage is announced it is recalled how many times she has been engaged before.

What has become of the old-fashioned people who on a hot afternoon used to make their own soda water?

When the time comes to start off on a vacation nine out of ten people wish they were going to stay home.

One of the most distressing things in the world is to hear any one scold who is so old and feeble that his breath gives out.—Atchison Globe.

WILMA'S ROMANCE.

How She Learned to Love a Little Indian Prince—The Gift He Gave Her.

BY BESSIE WILLOW.

Wilma moved from the city far out into the country, where there were great woods all around. She lived with her father, mother and brother, in a small house in the midst of a clearing—that is, a place where the trees were cut down. There were no children to play with, so in the long summer days she would go about in the woods looking at the strange birds and animals, and at night tell her brother when he came home from school of the discoveries she had made. They were all strange to Wilma, as she had never seen any but domestic birds and animals in the city. After awhile they got so used to her that they did not seem much afraid, and the black squirrel would sit on the limb of a tree with his lovely bushy tail curled over his back and chatter at her, or the saucy chipmunk would eye her with his little beadlike eyes, then scamper off through the bushes. And the birds, how lovely they were! And what a chorus they made in the early morning! Wilma loved them all, and had a sort of personal acquaintance with most of them. She knew where their nests were, but would not rob them of one little egg for anything. Every day she would look in the nest when the mother bird was away to see how many eggs there were, and what a delight it was when the little downy birds appeared to see them open their broad mouths.

Though the little girl was happy among her woodland pets, though she talked to them in her language, and they answered back in theirs, and they seemed to understand each other very well, still she longed for other children to play with and talk to her.

Her mother sometimes told her fairy tales, and she had a fancy that there were fairies in the woods, and that some time she would meet them. One day as she was making her round of morning calls on the birds who were keeping house in her vicinity, she suddenly came face to face with a boy a little older than herself. The two children stood still, wonderingly regarding each other for a few minutes without speaking. The girl was first to find her voice. "Are you a"—she was going to say fairy, when she remembered he did not look like the gossamer robed people her mother used to tell her about. So she fidgeted with the corner of her white pinafore and asked, "Who are you?" "I, Peto," he said. "Who are you?" "I am Wilma Green," she said, looking at him with blue bashful eyes from under her mass of golden brown curls. The sturdy little Indian evidently thought her good to look at, and offered her some flowers which he had in his hand, which were shyly accepted. Then the little prince of the forest cast about him for some other means of pleasing the little queen of fairyland. "You like to see big, big bird's nests?" he said in broken English. Would she? Her eyes grew big with expectation as they both crept silently around some shrubbery, where he showed her a pheasant's nest. After this they met nearly every day, he bringing her always some little gift of flowers or fruit, and later, when the long, long summer was over, he brought nuts. "Peto made this," he said one day as he gave her a tiny basketful of berries. "Oh, thank you, Peto. How nice!" She had a great respect for Peto's genius, he made so many things. So she told him she was learning to write on a slate and how to read. When she showed him her slate, he thought her very clever. That night she asked her mother if she could not make something for Peto, and her mother showed her how to hem a handkerchief.

After awhile the days grew shorter and colder, and one day Peto told her he was going away the next day, and would she come out awhile in the afternoon to gather nuts. "Yes, I will come," she said, "but are you really going away?" "All going," he said, waving his hand in the direction of the camp. "I am making a handkerchief; would you like it?" she said. Peto did not know what that was, but was sure it must be nice if Wilma made it, so said yes. So in the afternoon the little girl walked out through the falling leaves to the trysting tree to say goodby to her little friend. Very soon he appeared, walking slowly, for his little heart was heavy within him and in his arms was a beautiful white rabbit, his most cherished treasure. "Would you like to keep him?" he said. "Oh, yes," and she darted forward and laid her little hand softly on the furry head and caressed the slender ears of the rabbit. Nuts and everything else were forgotten now, so they sat on a log and he told her how to feed and care of it. Then she gave him the little perfumed gift with straggly uneven stitches, which he thought wonderful. At last he said, "Peto must go now," and his dark eyes looked sad and solemn as he laid the white rabbit in the arms of the girl. "Goodby," they said, then both turned and walked apart a little way. Then the girl turned to look after him, but he was looking too. "Goodby," "Goodby," and a little white hand and a little brown one waved a last farewell and the boy disappeared through the bushes, while the girl ran toward the house, hugging the white rabbit, and looking at it through a mist of tears. That was the end of Wilma's first romance.

"Would you like to keep my rabbit?"

THE PROGRESSIVE BEAN.

Teddy was eating his Boston baked beans with a very enthusiastic appreciation of their merits when his father suddenly sprang an idea upon him.

"Teddy," he said, "suppose you were to see a dry, white bean start suddenly to grow, sprouting first, then sending out two green leaves, then some roots, the stem growing longer all the while, and other little leaves coming out—and all within two minutes' time?"

"Why, papa," cried Ted, "that is a regular 'Jack and the Beanstalk' story. Such things don't happen, really and truly. You know they don't, papa."

"Well," said papa, laughing, "I can show you something out in the garden that seems a good deal like that story. You come out with me after dinner and I'll show it to you."

You may be sure Ted was on hand when dinner was over. He had skipped away for his cap, and was back gain in a twinkling.

A moment later the little boy and his father were walking through the bit of orchard behind the house toward the garden.

"Two weeks ago, Ted," said his father, "I planted a dry, hard bean out here, and the second morning after that I planted another, and every other morning since I have planted a bean. The last one I put in the ground this morning. See, here it is!" And Ted's father began to draw the earth away from a bit of stick that was stuck in the ground. "It is hard and dry, just as it was this morning. Now we'll look at the one I put in day before yesterday morning."

In a moment that one was dug up.

"See! it has swollen a little in the damp earth," his father continued. "I'll split it open down the middle, and you'll see a tiny bit of a stem at one end lying curled up between the two halves of the bean."

"Yes, there it is!" cried Ted, growing interested.

"Now we'll look at the one planted two days before that," said his father. "Now this is swollen still bigger, and I can open it with my fingers, the outside covering is so soft."

"The little stem has grown bigger, and is trying to straighten out," said Ted.

"Here's the one planted two days before that one."

"Why!" said the little boy, excitedly, "the little stem has come out through the outside covering, and the two halves of the bean have spread apart at the other end."

"And this one, that is two days older still?" said Ted's papa, smiling to see how interested his little boy was getting.

"That? Why, that's a regular little plant. And, oh, how funny! The two halves of the bean stand up just like two leaves." And Ted opened his eyes very wide indeed.

"Here's the next member of this interesting family."

"That has little roots starting down from the stem, and those two halves of the bean are turning green, just like 'really and truly leaves,'" cried Ted, looking very closely at the little plant.

"We won't have to dig up the next plant," said papa. "It has poked its head up through the ground, and you can see a bit of stalk growing up between the two halves of the bean, that are still greener than the last ones."

"And here in the last one the bit of a stalk has sent out two real little leaves," said Ted, walking along to where the first bean of all was planted two weeks before.

"It's a regular little plant now," he said. "But was the little plant in the bean all the time, papa?"

"It was curled up there in the bean all the time," was the answer. "And now, if John will give you a handful of peas, you may try the same experiment, and see how peas grow."

But before papa had finished a small pair of legs were flying down the path to find John, the gardener.

A remarkable opportunity to make $3 a day is shown on the last page of this issue.

FLOSSIE'S LITTLE BROTHER.

Once upon a time a little baby brother was lent Flossie for a few days, and then he was taken away to live with the angels and wait until his sister came up there, too. Flossie was a very little girl herself when this happened, not quite two years old, but she was delighted when brother came, and thought he was much nicer than kitty or the pair of white rabbits big brother Jack had out in the back yard. His little hands were so tiny and little eyes so much prettier than those her doll had that Flossie wanted to take him out of his crib and play with him right away.

Each morning, when she awoke, Flossie could scarcely wait until she was dressed, so anxious was she to see the wonderful little brother in mamma's room. One day, when she started to trot to mamma's room, nurse told her to come with her and then Flossie saw little brother lying asleep in a beautiful, little white bed, with flowers about him. Nurse said that he was going to the angels, and that Flossie must not cry about his going away, for when she saw him again he would have beautiful wings and be so happy. Flossie did not understand all that nurse said, but as brother looked so nice and pretty lying there she did not cry much, and in a few days mamma and nurse thought she had forgotten all about him.

One day, however, about a month after little brother had gone to live with the angels, when Flossie was just two years old, nurse had her out for a walk, when suddenly she ran as fast as she could up to another nurse, who was wheeling a baby along in a baby buggy.

"Naughty girl," Flossie cried, catching hold of the nurse's dress.

The nurse looked around at the little girl and smiled, and then asked Flossie's nurse asked what was the matter.

"I'm sure I do not know," nurse replied. "Flossie, you are very naughty yourself. Come, now, like a good girl, and go home with me."

Flossie crept around to the side of the buggy, however, and began to pull the covers off the baby, trying to drag it out on the ground. The two nurses sprang forward, one catching up Flossie, the other putting back the covers on the baby. For some time Flossie could not speak for her sobs, then she managed to say:

"'Ittle bovver, 'ittle bovver."

"Where?"

"Dere," sobbed Flossie, pointing to the baby.

Then nurse saw that Flossie thought that the baby in the buggy was her little brother and she said gently:

"No, no, Flossie, this baby has no wings. Little brother has wings now. Just be a good girl, and Flossie shall see him some day," and after coaxing her for some time, nurse finally induced her to give up, but it was a long time before Flossie understood that nurse meant that little brother had gone to Heaven, but she is trying now as hard as she can to keep good and do what mamma wants her to, so that she may really see him again when she goes on the same journey he did so many years ago.

A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE
I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice, Free and post-paid to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, PROFESSOR J. A. Lawrence, 114 West 32d St., New York.
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FREE
Let us send you a Free Trial Package of pleasant and harmless medicine that will go right to the spot and quickly cure you of Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney Troubles, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases. It cures nine people out of ten. Address EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., Form 15N. Y.
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Agents Wanted Page 7

7,000 ... The Messenger, Wabash, Ill. **MARRY**
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MOTHERS Children Cured of Bed Wetting. Sample Free. Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.
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SPANISH DIP NEEDLES
For locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or hidden treasures. Circulars and testimonials free. GEM NOVELTY CO., Palmyra, Pa.
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BOYS' PAPER FREE
If you will send us the names of five or six bright boys between 14 and 19 years of age, giving their addresses, we will send you a copy of THE STAR for 3 months free. Be careful to send the names of boys that like to read a GOOD BOYS' PAPER. Address at once with stamp, THE STAR, Box 86, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.
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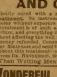
Women Made Beautiful



by VESTRO. Develops the Bust & fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. HARMLESS, PERMANENT. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this marvelous developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for 2c stamp. AURUM MEDICINE CO., Dept. R. A., 55 State Street, Chicago.
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STRICTURE AND GLEET
Radically cured with a new and Infallible Home Treatment. No instruments—no pain. Can be used at home without exposure or detention from business. My treatment is of such a nature that it removes the stricture, and everything that is unnatural to the parts, without affecting the well membrane. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Consultation free, personally or by letter. State case and send for BOOK, which fully explains all about this treatment—sent sealed in plain envelope. Address DR. HENDERSON, 101 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WONDERFUL ASTROLOGY.
Here are some questions that interest most people. It is claimed they can be answered by astrological knowledge.
At what age am I liable to die?
Will I marry? Will I marry more than once.
What kind of a person should I marry?
Is my lover or husband false or true?
Should I take a long or short journey?
In what part of the earth will I be most fortunate?
Should I remove? If so, how far?
What business or calling am I best adapted for?
Will I have more friends than enemies and who are they?
At what age or in what years will I be most lucky?
Shall I enjoy the luxuries of wealth?
Should I do business for myself or for others?
If you want valuable astrological information with a pen picture of your future wife, husband or sweetheart, send a lock of your hair, give date of birth, and full name and address. Enclose 12 cents in stamps. You will be astonished at the true revelations that I will make. Address, PROF. A. X. ARGO, Box 1207, BOSTON, MASS.
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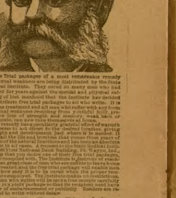
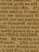
SENT FREE TO MEN



Free Trial packages of a most remarkable remedy for sexual weakness are being distributed by the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back or varicocele, can now cure themselves at home.
The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 502 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages, will be complied with. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free trial package will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



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Address, STAR PHOTOGRAPH CO., 19 Warren St., New York.
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A $69 STEEL RANGE FOR $25
During the Dull Season I Will Send You
A TRIUMPH STEEL RANGE.
weight 400 pounds. Burns Wood or Coal, for $25.00 Cash, freight prepaid to your Station, or I will accept a six-months note (secured). NO INTEREST, and YOU PAY FREIGHT. No Such Bargain Ever Offered Before. Write for free descriptive pamphlet. Address WM. G. WILLARD, MFG., 113 and 115 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, or ulceration of mucous membranes. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or 3 bottles for $2.75. Circulars mailed on request. The EVANS CHEMICAL CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.
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Repeater 300 Shot Air Rifle and BOYCE'S MONTHLY, one year for 98c
We have made arrangements with one of the largest rifle manufacturers in the United States, whereby we are enabled to offer a 300 Shot Repeater Air Rifle and Boyce's Monthly for one year for 98c. You can load in the morning, shoot all day, and have your game sent home at night. This air rifle is well made and is bound to give entire satisfaction. The rifle alone sells for $2.50, so you see we are offering a wonderful bargain. Boyce's Monthly is the best in the country for the price. We are determined to get the largest circulation of any first-class monthly; hence, this wonderful offer. Don't put off the matter, but send today. Address
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SYNOPSIS

[Wanda Ruston, 17 and pretty, arrives in Chicago in search of her father, an Artist. Her mother, who has long been dead, left him no clue. His fame is well known both in Europe and America, but he has been lost sight of for years.

The girl is drugged and sent to Jack-Hamburger's reception, but is rescued by her father's hat and coat and cab a story which is learned by Mrs. Colgrove, a friend of the father, a crook, relating to Mr. Ruston. Wanda is kidnapped and he never came back. He decides to get the girl out of the way, and drowns her from the house by sending a note saying that Wanda is ill and wishes to see her. Barbara Colgrove learns the intention of efforts and saves from the yacht both the baby she had rescued from fire and taken in his launch to shore. The young man takes her to a respectable boarding house and tries to keep her, but is frustrated by the Quigley crowd. Before they can get to the lake in which Wanda is drowned, they are driven to shore. There she is saved by Barbara and his aunt and Parton made friends. At a Chinese cook-shop encountered on their ranch lower, Dan Rudnard, who tries to protect her, but is captured and left for dead. Wanda is taken to an island in Lake Michigan by Hamburger. On this island her father is held a prisoner.]

CHAPTER XIX.

INTO DARKNESS AND SPACE.

It did not need a trained eye to tell that Hamburger's pet project was a balloon.

There, on a large and powerful crowbar, had been suspended a car of wicker. Hung from the same bar was a huge bag on the point of making a third attack.

The sun was totally obscured, but he was more thin that, he was at a tremendous height above his head that was invisible to the iron chain which bound one wrist to the car.

In his calm and cold way he had set a double purpose—to gain help, if any were near to be had, and to try to escape by it without off if rules could do it.

There was a pause during which Hamburger stood still, too much impressed by the sight of the balloon to notice the girl at once. A fear-struck look that would have fallen from that point would have left him without the power to speak.

Then, with a muttered oath, he turned to her, his eyes, and dodged to one side, as if to avoid a blow. Wanda made a marvelous child, and he started with a fall.

By the will of a kind Providence he managed to gain hold of the tall and he held on, and finding that he was not struck by the chance gave The beast snarled and yelped and tore at the ground with its claws and teeth and then, crouched down under the car, with fearful violence against a rock. It was silenced, and a second time, as around and she first, finished it.

"Thank God!" muttered the victorious man. "What an escape!" and he wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchief.

"It was a good save, anyway," muttered Hamburger, as coolly as he could. "Are you certain he is dead?"

"Hamburger," burst from the lips of Wanda, and the latter started.

"Didn't expect me back so soon, did you?" he answered, with a sneer. "I've got a few more cards to play. It looks now as if I had come in the nick of time. How did you manage to break that chain?"

"You—you fiend!" burst out Randolph Ruston. "I see your purpose now. You—you pass!"

"Don't be so fast, old man. Don't you know you are a prisoner? Suppose I throw you out of—over if I let you go?"

"You! will not dare—not dare!"

"Not much! Up with your hands!"

And Hamburger pointed his pistol at his former victim.

But Randolph Ruston, old as he was had not lived his life in vain. He was not going to go without a struggle, and as Hamburger pointed the weapon, he threw himself upon the latter and with all the force of a man fighting for the last breath of life.

The arranged hand of the two maniacs, and during that time the pistol was exploded, and the bullet went through the balloon, but did not do any damage to the gas contained.

Then, as Hamburger fell into a hole between two rocks, Randolph Ruston turned and aged away to the forest.

"Stop!" roared the owlet sweep, in a rage. "Stop, or I'll shoot you like a dog!"

But Randolph Ruston was not the sort looking himself up with an oath, the pacific answer made after the man, and soon a wild dashing over rocks and through brush, down toward the shore of the lake, began.

At last Hamburger came to a halt. The trail was lost. Try how he would he could not pick it up again.

The man was also in a fearful rage. Everything seemed to be going against him at the moment when he had counted upon the largest success.

"I suppose the best thing I can do is to take that girl and go back to the city," he bored. "Then I'll start Foley out with me to look for the old man. He can't have gone far in the island without a boat, and I've got one.

He made another hunt, then satisfied that Randolph Ruston could not be found for the time being, retraced his steps in the direction of the spot where he had left Wanda.

Then, suddenly, the girl from the ranch had not been idle. During her days on the ranch she had learned a good deal about tying and untying ropes, and this knowledge now stood her in good stead.

As soon as Hamburger had disappeared she had set to work to release herself. She had failed and her struggle with the rope, she set about freeing herself.

Her hands were tied with an easy task. Yet she worked away vigorously, not minding the pain that followed the rubbing of the fast. The rope, twisted this way and that, chafed the skin, but she did not heed that.

She had only to get free, and then she could shout, and these only added to her terror.

"Perhaps that man has died!" she groaned. "Perhaps that man has died poor soul!"

With a perfect frenzy she tore away at the rope, and at last it fell from her hands. Then she looked for her shoes, and the assistant's hesitation she bounded off in the direction of the spot where he lay.

Wanda could follow a trail as well as the best of them, and she had no fear of losing her way in the woods. She stood a little while looking at his poor face made death. As a Chinese cook-shop consumed and near her ranch lower, Dan Rudnard, who tries to protect her, but is captured and left for dead. Wanda is taken to an island in Lake Michigan by Hamburger. On this island her father is held a prisoner.]

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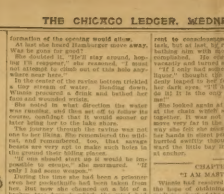

formation of the opening would allow.

At last she found Hamburger above away. He was gone for good!

She shouted it. "He'll stay around, hoping I will return," she reasoned, and she did not attempt to climb out of the hole anywhere near here.

In the center of the ravine bottom trickled a tiny stream of water. Bending down, Wanda pressed a drink and bathed her face and wounded wrist.

Then she started in the direction the water was running, and then set off at a fast pace, reasoning that it would sooner or later lead her to the lake shore.

The journey through the ravine was not a long one, though. She remembered the hill she had remembered, too, that savage beasts did not live in such hilly and rocky ground where there was water.

"If one should start up it would be impossible to escape," she groaned. "Oh! only I had some weapon."

Then she seemed to have been a prisoner days instead of hours, and each step of the way a fallen tree branch, which she had blown into the ravine, and speedily trimmed of its limbs and hastily shod.

She was a slow and painful one, and the sun had passed very far down in its daily course.

She gave a little cry of joy as she emerged from the bushes and quickly ran to another spot.

All far away rode the Lily at anchor, and Hamburger was just rowing out to the yacht.

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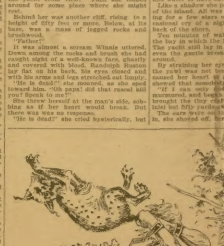


even while speaking she ran to the lake, caught up some water in the hollow of her hand, and bathed the face and head of her parent's face. The cold fluid caused a shudder to run through the prostrate form.

"A good lesson he thanked!" she cried, and her face took on a look of hope. But not for long was watched the effect of the sufferer's face.

But Randolph Ruston had been seriously hurt by Hamburger. When he had regained, but by a fall over the cliff at the time of the struggle. He had fallen down on the back of his head, a fearful gash had been made, and he was to suffer long days to come.

A half hour went by, and still the unhappy man did not rouse. Wanda was by means in her power to restore her father to consciousness. Once he opened his eyes for glare at her vacantly, but that was all. Then he relapsed into a state of stupor.

Slowly the day faded and night came on. Wanda watched. Where was Hamburger? She rose under the cliff, and here she arranged a bed of leaves, and covered it with the branches. To lift the sufferer and carry him there was impossible. She was not strong enough, and she knew that the man had been made she endeavored to make him comfortable. Then she built a fire, which she permitted, washing his wounds and binding them with strips torn from her own garments.

But what would I not give for a dacent!" she thought, as she sat watching the man. "Oh, if I only had some weapon! Oh, if I had only thought to bring that pistol!" Hamburger would have aided her she would have had the means of defending herself against rencounters, but she felt certain the pistol was in the possession of Foley.

How was this adventure to end? She could not leave her father's side, and the fear and dread would lash the of starvation.

Midnight had come and gone and still Hamburger did not return. Where was he? Wanda moved up nearer or later," she thought. "Then I will be free to act."

On the Rolling Deep.

"How's the weather, steward?"

"Oh, first rate, sir!

"A bit rough, to be sure—

"But it will steady down after a while.

"Just be still, and you needn't fear seasickness!"

A Frightful Illusion.

When Gussie Giggersnap saw his best girl waiting at the stile for him like this he nearly had a fit.

But it was only an optical illusion caused by that horrid poster on the fence advertising Soemup's ten-shilling trousers.

"Which Eye Shall I Hit?"

The marksmanship of the American gunners has been very evident in engagements which have taken place between vessels of the United States and the Spanish ships.

Of the skill of one clever gunner who served in a less recent war, several years ago, the following tale is told:

He was actively engaged in firing solid shot at the enemy in one engagement, and the captain came up and said:

"John, let me see you hit the captain of that cruiser in the eye."

"Yes, sir," said John; "which eye shall I hit?"

Her Greatest Sorrow.

Eve stood without the gates of Eden weeping bitterly.

"Never mind, dear," said Adam, sturdily, "I will build you a home."

"I know," answered the weeping woman, "but I would like to have stayed there long enough to give the place one good housecleaning at least."

TRYING TO SPEAK CORRECTLY.

Sweet Maid—Why, Jimmy, you poor, bo y! Have you been fighting?
Jimmy—I have been fought.

Notice to Agents.

A Profitable Business

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE

WILLING TO WORK.

$3.00 a Day Sure.

DEAR READER:

If you are out of work, or are not satisfied with your present business and would like to make more money, it will be to your interest to read this notice. We do not offer you a chance to make a fortune without work, but we do offer you an opportunity to make money much faster than you can make it at any other kind of work. The country is flooded with circulars offering chances to make money at the rate of from twenty to fifty dollars a day; such offers are not businesslike, and all agents who amount to anything are disgusted with such circulars, and most of them are thrown aside without being read. If you are looking for an opportunity to make twenty to fifty dollars a day, you might as well throw this notice aside also; but if you would like to engage in a good paying business, you will do well to read this notice through carefully. Then you can use your own judgment as to whether our offer is a reasonable one or not.

We guarantee that anyone who is willing to work can make from $3 to $5 a day at this business. We admit that $3 to $5 a day is not much of an inducement when compared to the statements made by some firms, who offer all the way from $20 to $50 a day for selling various articles. We do not make you such glowing promises, but what we do offer you has the advantage of being true. We might offer agents a sure chance of making from $20 to $50 a day, but the chances are that anyone who would believe such unreasonable nonsense would not know enough to earn his board at any kind of business. That is not the kind of agents we are in quest of; we want reliable agents with common sense, who are willing to work for good pay, and not those who are looking for an opportunity to make a fortune without work. We believe the only way to get such agents and keep them, is to furnish them with a good thing to sell, a real genuine bargain, and then to tell them the exact truth about the business. We have a large number of agents at work, and we know for a certainty what working agents can make. We know that $3 a day is the very lowest; most of our agents are averaging $4 and $5 a day, and often some of them make a good deal more than that. We have several agents who are clearing from $7 to $10 a day. But these are great workers operating in the best territory, and, of course, everyone cannot do as well, but it is easy for anyone to make, at the very least, $3 a day above all expenses in any territory. We haven't a single working agent who is clearing, on an average, less than $3 a day. Now, be sure that you understand us: We don't say that lazy, shiftless agents will make $3 a day, for they can't do it at this or any other business, but what we do say is that agents who are willing to work, not too hard, but the same as they would expect to work at any other business, can easily clear $3 a day above all expenses, in any territory, and if they have good territory to work in they can make anywhere from $5 to $7, and even $10 a day. If you want a good chance to work and get good pay for it, you will find it to your interest to read this notice through carefully.

The articles which we have for you to sell are a line of forks, spoons, etc., made of a new metal called "Brazil Silver." We will describe this new line of goods the best we can, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

BRAZIL SILVER.

Warranted for Twenty-five Years.

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable, in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through, there being no plating to wear off they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and as pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guaranty as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years, clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter; for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a Company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

It is easy to make from $3 to $5 a day at this business.

All Marked with Initial Letters, Without any Extra Cost.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargains ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains of any kind that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits; it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains, that the people really want and can afford.

It is easy to make from $3 to $5 a day at this business.

Table and Dessert Knives.

Our knives are made of the finest tempered cutlery steel and are triple plate, in other words every dozen knives is plated with 12 dwt. of pure silver and hand burnished. Brazil Silver is the best metal ever discovered for making spoons and forks, but it is not hard and springy enough for knives. First-class knives can only be made of finely tempered steel and plated with pure silver. Our knives are of the highest grade, fully equal to Rogers' or any knives made. These knives will not wear as long as Brazil Silver goods, but they will wear as long as any knives made. We guarantee them to wear ten years in constant use. If not in constant use they will wear proportionately longer. We give a guarantee, signed by the Company, warranting the knives to wear and to give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser for ten years. As knives are usually used in families they will wear much longer, anywhere from fifteen to twenty years. They are fully equal to Rogers' knives and only cost about two-thirds as much. It may seem strange to some that we can sell so staple an article as silver plated knives at such reduced prices, but we are doing it. It is our way of giving the public good, solid value for their money. We are saving our customers about one-third of the price at which the same grade of knives are sold at the stores and jewelers. Anyone who will take the trouble to compare our knives and prices with triple plate 12 dwt. knives sold at the stores and jewelers, will be convinced of the truth of our statements. We are making a profit, of course, but our unequal facilities and immense trade make it possible for us to undersell all competitors, and our customers are getting the benefit of the lowest prices known in the silverware trade. We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but we also guarantee every article to be exactly as represented and to give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser, or money refunded.

The First Thing to Do.

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of, as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work to make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make from $3 to $5 a day as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

One Sample Table Knife, retail price, $2.40 per set of six	40	cents each
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price, $2.25 per set of six	37½	cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price, $2.10 per set of six	35	cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price, $2.10 per set of six	35	cents each
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price, $1.95 per set of six	32½	cents each
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price, $1.95 per set of six	32½	cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price, $1.20 per set of six	20	cents each
One Sugar Shell	40	cents each
One Butter Knife	40	cents each
One Salt or Pepper Shaker	25	cents each
Total retail value of Samples	$3.37½	

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickel Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to $3.37. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only 85 cents, which is $2.52 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is only about one-fourth of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

Wholesale Prices.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the Outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

VERY IMPORTANT.

The business we are offering is straightforward and honest in every way, shape and manner. Our goods are in every respect just as we represent them to be. The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even eighty-five cents, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented, and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefit they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the eighty-five cents, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit, then, if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent eighty-five cents and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it and the agent will return it to us. No other firm has ever made such an offer. We have adopted this plan in order to convince the most skeptical and to secure the services of all the good working agents in the United States.

(CUT OUT THE FOLLOWING FORM.)

Form to be Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.:

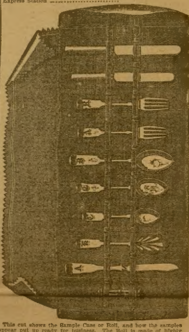
GENTLEMEN—Send the Outfit by Express, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the eighty-five cents required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the eighty-five cents. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name ....

Postoffice ....

County .... State ....

Express Station ....



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When open the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance; it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance as it secures attention and interest at the start. There is nothing like having your samples put up in a business-like shape; it gives a favorable impression from the start, which is half the battle. It is the same in all matters. A store that looks like business attracts customers; while, from a shanty store, you would not, as a rule, expect the best things. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver Goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times; and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything. We pay the charges on the Outfit and on all goods ordered. Remember, we pay all express charges.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,

Box 9500, DETROIT, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Too Willing to Arbitrate.

Magistrate (to the accused)—It appears that you gave the plaintiff a black eye?

Prisoner—Yes, your worship, but I'm quite prepared to give him half a sovereign as compensation.

Magistrate (to plaintiff)—You hear what the defendant says! Are you willing to accept the half-sovereign?

Plaintiff (eagerly)—Rather! (To the defendant): Come outside, old chap, and black the other eye.

Newspaper Enterprise.

Manager—See here. In yesterday morning's issue we had no account of the earthquake. How's that?

Editor—It was crowded out by the article which showed we always had more news than our contemporaries.

He Couldn't Keep It.

Sorry Sawyer—Tired Taggsey is in de 'sylum. He overtaxed his poor brains.

Weary Walker—How did he do dat?

Sorry Sawyer—Inventin' excuses for not workin'.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLET.

Mark Twain's Steak.

At an evening party in London some little time back a gushing girl was introduced to Mark Twain.

"Oh, Mr. Clemens!" she said. "Now, please, do tell me! I've been thinking of taking up writing, but I am so afraid of that dreadful writer's cramp one hears so much about—did you ever have it?"

"I did, madam."

"And what did you take for it?"

"Beefsteak."

"Just fancy. But how and where did you apply it?"

"Broiled and internally," said Mark Twain, gravely. "I can't answer for its being a panacea, but it cured the kind of cramp I had, all right."

The Retort Connubial.

Mrs. Benham—They say that a man and his wife often grow to look like each other.

Benham—I hope I sha'n't meet you more than half way.

The Modern Maid.

"I am a-weary, mother, dear,
Enfeebled and o'er-worn;
I cannot wield a broom, I fear,
Nor pull and husk the corn.

"'Twould jeopardize my health to make
The beds or can the fruit,
Or help you dust, or sew, or bake,
Ere I my strength recruit."

Thus spake the maiden, gave a cough,
To strengthen her appeal,
Then donned her bloomers and rode off
Ten miles upon her wheel.

Fulfilling His Destiny.

Gwilliams—Slickinger has disappointed me. He was a young man of great promise. Everybody thought he would be a big gun some day.

Sflint—Well, he did become what you might call a pretty smooth bore. He's a life insurance agent.

Fraternity Vs. Soap.

Lowdown—I hold that one man is just as good as another. Now, why do you object to my society? Is is because of my poverty?

Highup—No, sir.

"Because of my nationality?"

"No, sir."

"Because of my religion?"

"No, sir."

"Then why?"

"Because you smell bad."

More Effective.

Fond Mother—If that young man should take advantage of you and try to kiss you, what would you do?

Dutiful Daughter—I should remind him that I have a mother whom I love very dearly.

Fond Mother (after reflection)—I think, dear, you had better remind him that you have a father.

INQUISITIVENESS.

The Old Warrior—Yes, children, I made the enemy run!
The children—An' did they ketch yer, gran'pa?